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AUNTIE & THE BIGS
creaming their tease



SHOW US YOURS
scandalous snaps



READERS' LETTERS
truly shocking



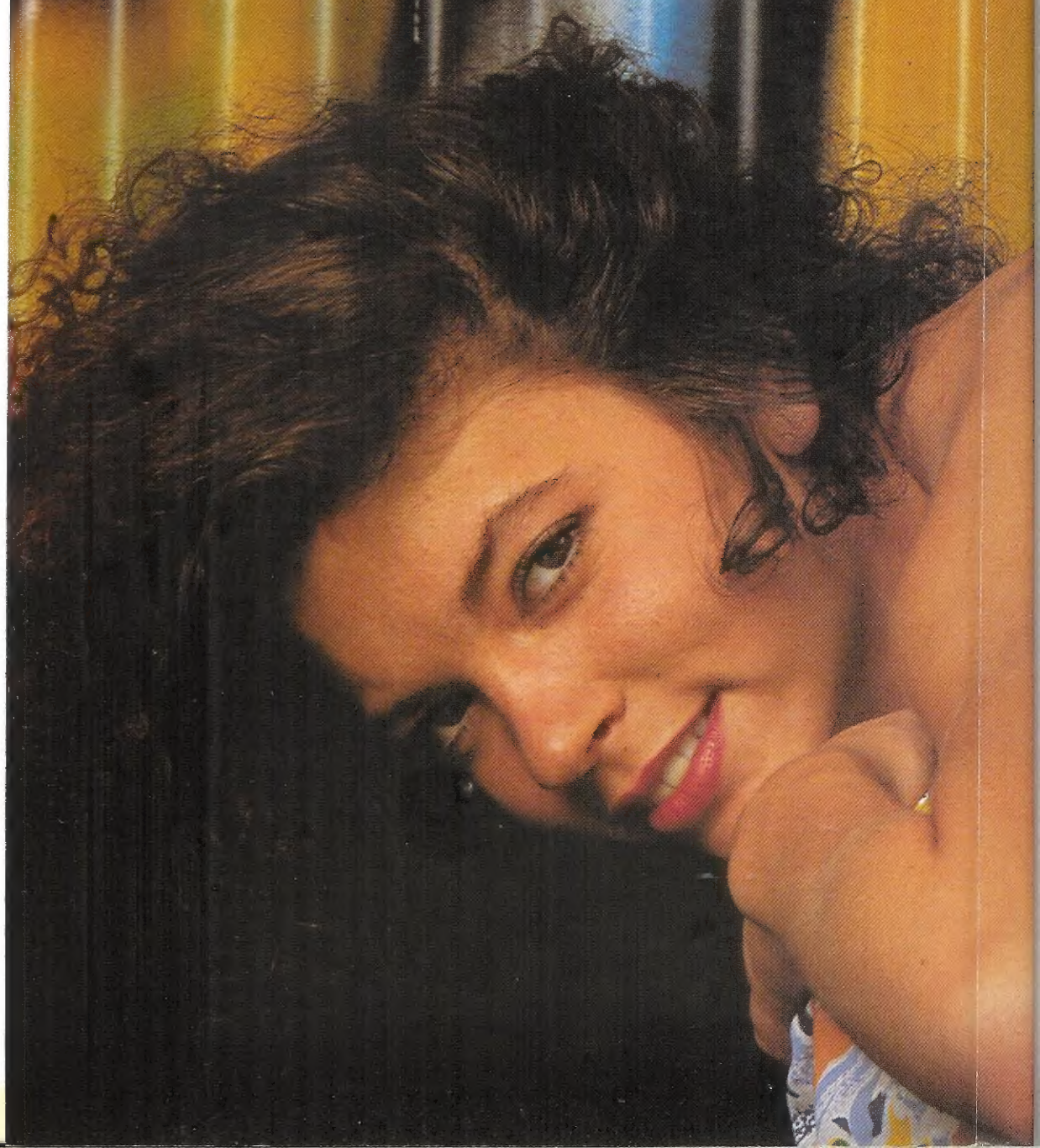
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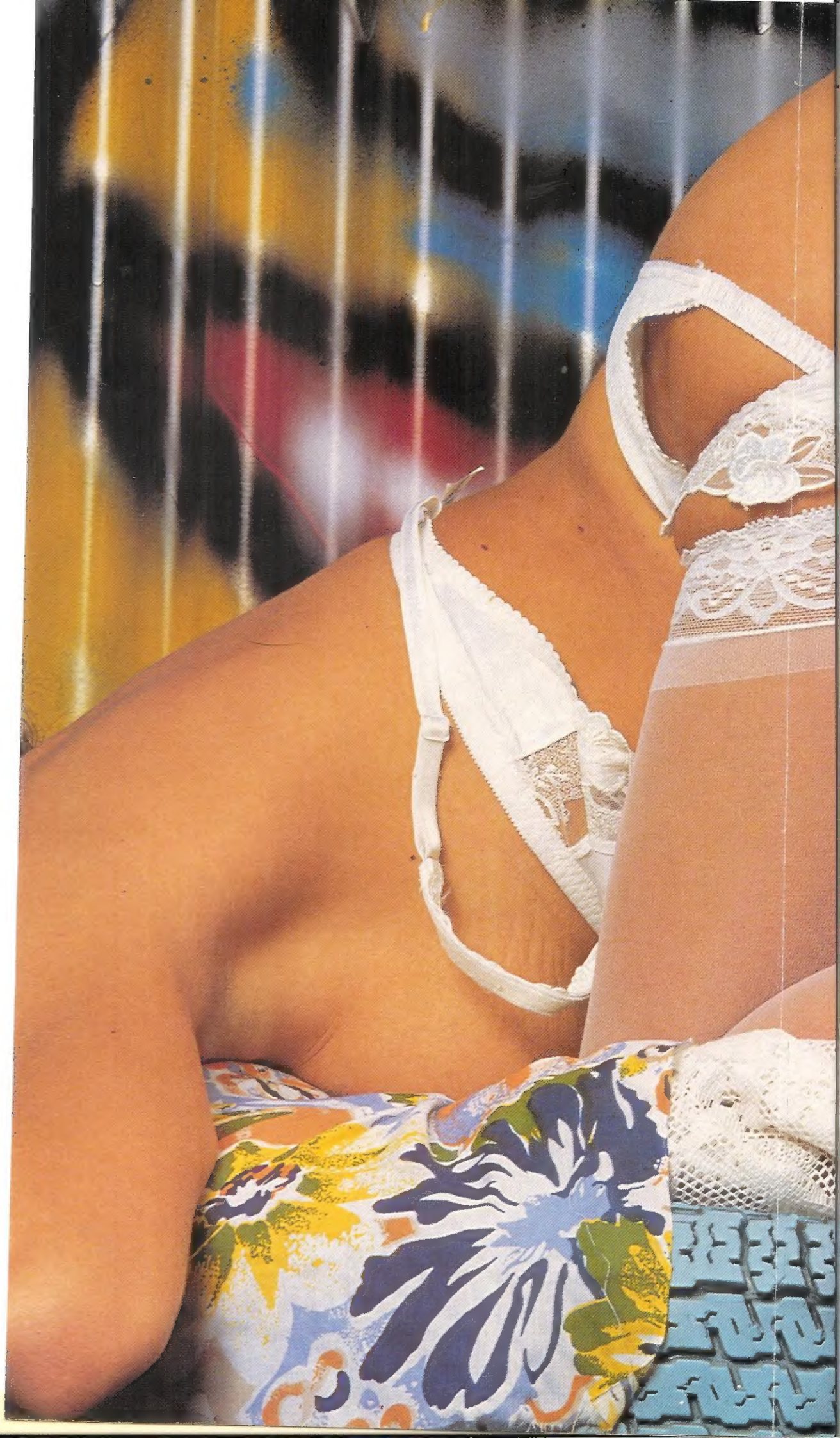
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readers' letters

Tell us all about it!... and if you send photos with your letter, we'll pay you £20 for each one we print. Write to Escort, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

French leave

Some years ago, my wife and I, on holiday in the south of France, stopped for lunch in a small village. Afterwards we walked up the village street, as it was so hot my wife was wearing just a sundress and sandals. At the top of the street we came to a large house with a very large garden. The house was closed and shuttered and the garden was overgrown. We walked a long way to the far corner of these grounds and found a paved enclosure. In the centre was a large fountain and over it a canopy supported by four life size male figures, nude, all with large penises and balls. I sat down and my wife strolled to the fountain and began to stroke the organs of each one in turn. When she returned to sit beside me she was very turned-on and I was soon standing behind her, her dress down to her waist and me **stroking and fondling her large white breasts and making her pink nipples taut.** I moved to the front and opening her dress she sat forward, opened her long white thighs wide and I inserted first one and then two fingers into her soaking passage, at the same time as I worked them in and out, I masturbated her clitoris with my thumb. She very quickly had an intense climax, liquid from her cunt soaking my hands. Still kneeling I opened my trousers and inserted my now throbbing prick into her, but I was so excited that only a few strokes brought me off.

As we now looked round we saw, partly concealed in the bushes, two youths who had been watching us. They turned to go but my wife called and beckoned to them. They came slowly over and stood in front of my wife, still nude and sitting on the bench.



Obvious bulges in their trousers betrayed the state of things for these two, obviously brothers, and about 20 and 18. My wife reached out and opening the flies of the elder, drew out his erect penis and began to stroke it as she had done the statues. She then undid the waistband of his trousers and they dropped to his ankles. Rolling back his foreskin, she lay back on the bench and, with her legs one on either side, opened her thighs as wide as they would go. The boy looked at me and when I nodded, he responded to this obvious invitation he also straddled the seat, and I watched as his prick disappeared slowly into my wife's cunt. He thrust in and out – **his black bush meeting and parting from my wife's golden pubes, his brown thigh muscles pressing down onto her white thighs,** and his buttocks clenching in the efforts of his thrusting. His effort eventually came to an end as with a final thrust he obviously spurted his cum into her and withdrew the now glistening and softening member from

between her swollen lips.

The younger boy had by now removed his trousers and at my nod, lay on my wife and pushed his rigid prick into her gaping hole. I knelt beside her and sucked one of her nipples, **this meant that the boy was no sooner inside her than my wife climaxed again** and her crying out and writhing caused the boy to slip out of her and discharge great gobbets of semen onto her cunt lips and thighs. He rose and joining his brother they made off quickly into the park.

My wife lay almost in a stupor, with her legs still sagging apart, and as I was by now once more hard and erect, I removed my trousers completely straddled her and after looking for a moment at the swollen cunt lips and soaking pubes all covered with the boys' white spunk, I pushed my way into her passage and thrust heartily until I ejaculated my share of cum into her belly.

After a little while we both dressed quickly and hurried back to the car, and to our apartment. S., London.



Show-topper

Both my husband and I really enjoy *Escort*, particularly the letters and photos of readers, wives and girlfriends, and especially the flashing type of photos.

I'm 27 years old with a 34-24-34 figure and when I go out with my husband I like to dress to tease. I **never bother with bras and quite often I don't wear panties either.**

Sometimes I like to tease by wearing see-through blouses or flashing my stocking tops when I cross or uncross my legs. Other times I'll give somebody a deliberate flash like posing for a photograph with my skirt pulled up and my pussy on show and



somebody walks around the corner and gets an eyeful.

The first time I went further than just letting somebody see me was during the hot summer of last year when my husband and myself went to the coast to a place called Marsden for the day. I was suitably dressed in white shorts and a skimpy little loose-fitting cropped top which just covered my boobs and had large arm holes which meant that **anyone walking along side of me could see my bare tits jiggling about.**

At Marsden there is a pub at the foot of the cliff, built into the caves and this is reached by a lift or walking down the steps built into the cliffs. We walked down the steps so that I could bare my tits for my husband to take photos, or occasionally we would stop and I would point up at something and my top would lift up, giving anyone coming up a good look at my tits.

We arrived at the pub and got some drinks and took them out onto the terrace. I kept flashing my tits by pointing up at things or bending over so that my

readers' letters

top hung loose and my bare tits could be seen. We noticed that one guy in his early 20's kept looking at me and getting some good views.

We got chatting to this guy, his name was Tony and he was 23 years old. He told us that he lived at South Shields but liked to come to Marsden for drink and to watch the people on the beach, adding that some girls were more careless than others about what they showed. I smiled and said that maybe some girls knew what they were showing and enjoyed doing it, then I pointed up to the cliff and Tony looked straight at my exposed tit.

My husband told Tony that he was hoping to take some photos of me, but with all the people around he couldn't get me nude.

while my husband took some photos of me with my top pulled up and my tits on show, then I took my top off and asked Tony to pose with me. He stood with me for a couple of photos and I told him that he could touch me as well as look. So we got a couple of photos of him feeling and sucking my tits.

Then I loosened my shorts and pushed his hand into my panties, at the same time squeezing his hard cock through his jeans. I squatted down and started unfastening his jeans, telling him that it was his turn. Then I eased his cock out and started rubbing his knob-end against my nipple while my husband clicked away with the camera. We got photos of me wanking and sucking Tony, then I stood up and

watched us, and took photos. I then turned around and Tony squeezed and sucked my tits while frigging me to my orgasm. I moved down across Tony's thighs, sucking his knob while my hand pumped up and down his hard shaft until he was on the point of coming, then I took my head away and his thick and creamy spunk spurted over my tits.

We cleaned ourselves up with some tissues, I popped my panties into my bag, then put on my shorts and top and we all went back along to the pub for a drink. This time there wasn't as many people around and I was able to open my shorts and show my pubes for some photos, as well as baring my tits.

We did get Tony's address to send him copies of the photos we took, but unfortunately we lost it, so we hope he sees the enclosed photos to remind him of that day! *O., Tyne & Wear.*

Nicked!

I want to tell you about something that happened to me a few years ago, but that still makes my pussy go wet when I think about it. By the way, my name is Susie.

It was a warm summer evening and I decided to go for a drive in my car, with the top down to cool off a little. I'd had a fight with my boyfriend a week before, so I hadn't had a cock in me for what seemed like a lifetime, and decided that this was the night.

I had a shower and dressed up in a black bra with little cut outs where my nipples pushed through, black suspender belt, with black sheer stockings – seamed of course, no pants (all the better to play with yourself), white leather mini skirt, and a short white leather jacket and white stiletto shoes.

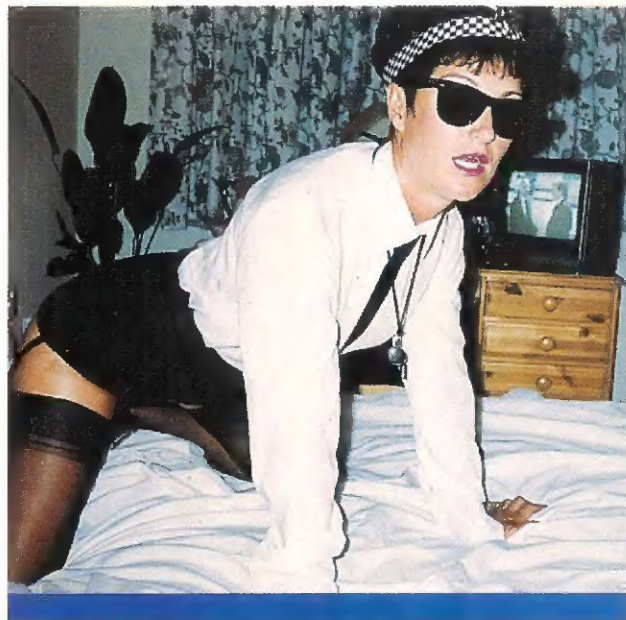
I drove for a few miles and opened my jacket. The wind made my nipples

hard, and I could feel myself getting wet.

I pulled into a lay-by and parked at the side of a lorry. The driver was reading a newspaper and didn't pay much attention – at first! I moved my seat back, pulled up my skirt, and opened my legs. My jacket fell open and revealed my hard nipples. I blasted my horn, and he looked up from his paper. His eyes opened so wide that I thought he would jump right out of his cab and put his cock in me there and then!

I smiled and ran my tongue across my lips and began **moving my hand slowly across my tits, down to my wet, warm pussy, probing, pushing and opening the lips, revealing my small hardness.** I knew what his hand was doing, which made me so randy. He couldn't take his eyes off me. By this time I was so wrapped up in my own pleasure, I didn't realise that another car had pulled up along side me. I was just about to come when I heard a voice asking me what I was doing! I opened my eyes and saw not one but two security guards standing over me.

I got out of the car and walked over to their van. The blonde guard opened the back door for me and held it while myself and the dark-haired one got in beside me. I asked them what their names were.



Tony told us that it was a lot quieter around the headland, away from the pub and we asked him to show us where.

We all finished our drinks and walked along the beach and around the headland where we found just a scattering of people, but also some big rocks around the foot of the cliff, which we could go into out of sight of the people.

We went behind the rocks and Tony watched

pushed my shorts and panties off so that I could pose naked with him. I rubbed his cock against my pubes and told him that I wasn't going to fuck him, but apart from that anything else went. So he lay me back against a smooth rock, knelt down and started to tongue my wet cunt. We slid down onto the soft sand between the rocks and started 69ing while my husband looked out for other people,



One Minute On The Lips, Forever on The Tits Dept: Mention calorie-counting and grated carrot to any one of The Bigs and she will turn pink and noisy: "Do you *want* everyone to look the same or what?" demands Debbie. "We do not get this shape from eating lettuce!!! There are plenty of stick-persons in the world without us joining in — dieting is all bollocks." So we strike ryvita and cottage cheese from the party menu and get them the sort of eats they most approve of and what do they do???

They fling it about and apply it externally.

"Auntie Jayne believes in massaging the chest with custard," says Debbie, deftly dodging a flying cream bun, "in fact she positively *insists* on it."



On The Road Dept: When we first saw these snaps, we thought our old freind Mr A of Gloucester have been moonlighting in Yorkshire — has the reader that likes to photograph *plenty* of background while his nude module lurks at the edge of the snap — but this is the work of Mark from Wakefield, and standing at the side of both the road (and the picture) is some of his wife Helen "...after a heavy groping session in the back of a taxi on the way home from a club. She gave driver a good view of her pussy and came twice in 2 mile."

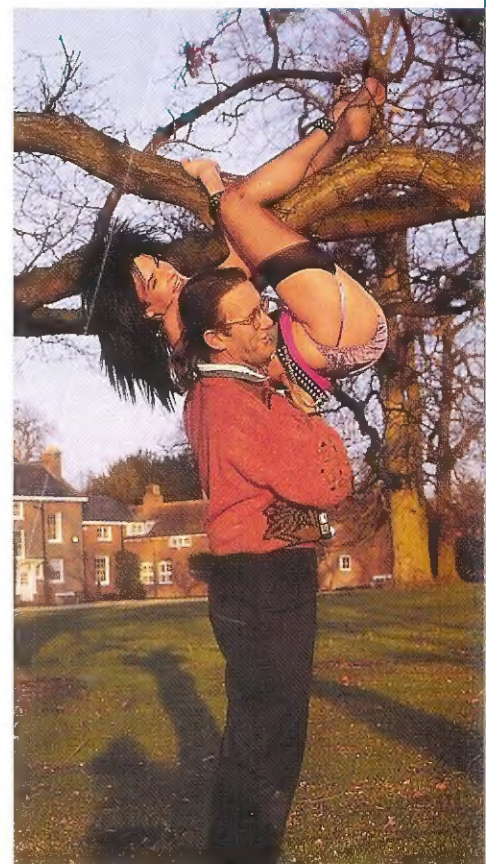


Cor What A Smasher Dept: Christine from Humberside is making the world a more better spot to live in by knocking down those places that are past it with a sledgehammer while measuring 36-24-37 and fitting magnificently into our famous Tatoo Corner.



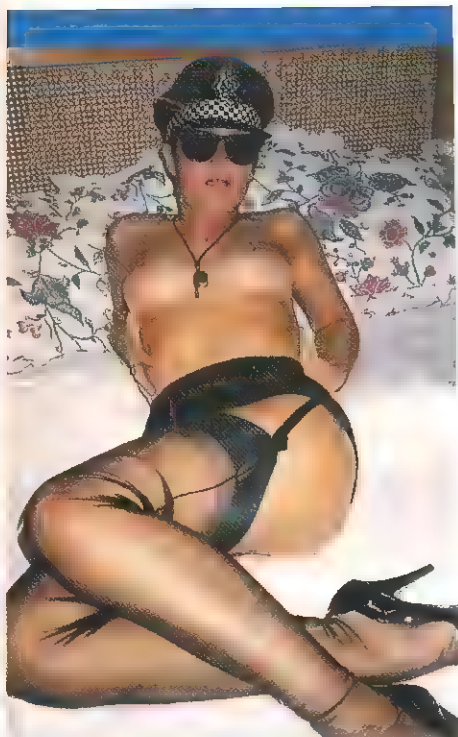
MEANWHILE...

Not All Jam Dept: We might say modelling is the art of looking as if hanging batwise from a tree and wrecking ones hosiery is perfectly normal, though actually Nathalie does go in for this sort of thing even when the camera is not pointed at her. "I like it upside-down," Nathalie told our reporter, while our photographer took a light-reading off her bum.



readers' letters

continued from page 9



The one next to me was Tom and his friend was Jimmy. They told me I had been a naughty girl, showing a middle-aged man everything that I have got. But when we pulled away I realised that we were heading towards the quarry! I couldn't believe my luck, not one but two strapping young men!

Tom's hand went inside my jacket and he pulled at my nipples. His head buried itself in my tits whilst his hand moved to explore my stocking tops and beyond that, my wet dark pussy. I moaned and opened my eyes and caught sight of Jimmy watching. We were pulling into the entrance of the quarry and I was wondering just what we would do when the van stopped. Tom lifted his head from my tits and said that the hut was just around the corner. We pulled up outside a small wooden hut. I pulled my skirt down as I got out and we walked into the hut. It consisted of a desk, a couch and a filing cabinet. Tom said that his father owned it and he pulled out the couch to make a bed. Then they both began to

undress. I put on some lipstick and then began to play with myself. I then asked who was first. They said that they did everything together. By this time they were both naked and had their hard thick cocks out.

Jimmy started kissing my toes working up my legs and Tom kissed me hard on the mouth, neck, and then my tits. **I felt their cocks rubbing against me. I needed them so bad, but they told me I had to suck them first.**

I kneeled up and took Tom's cock inside my mouth, sucking, licking and running my tongue along the hard thickness. He moaned and pushed deeper inside my throat. Tom moved and Jimmy took his place. I did the best fuck my lips had ever done and when I knew he was about to come I pulled away. Jimmy held my arms out and my nipples were so hard that it hurt as they fought to get through the small holes I had cut in my bra cups.

Then Jimmy pulled at my bra and exposed my tits and knelt above me.

Tom spread my legs apart, pulled the lips of my pussy wide open and started flicking his tongue back and forth on my clit. Jimmy pushed my tits together, pulled and sucked my nipples, then pushed his cock in between my cleavage. I lay back moaning, wanting more, feeling myself getting ready to come. I shouted out that I was coming and told them to fuck me now!

I felt Tom's cock up me first. I sat up just as Jimmy came between my tits, moaning until he was empty. He rolled to one side and Tom lifted me off the bed onto the desk and turned me over. **He pushed his thick penis into me and then turned me around and kissed me hard.** He pushed my head down to his cock, and I had only just started to suck when he came all over my face.

What a summer night! My pussy is wet now so I'd

better sort it out before my boyfriend gets back. He's on afternoon shift, and he's a policeman. S., Oxon.

Silly

Enclosed are some photos I took of my wife while on our honeymoon abroad. We have only been married now for six months and what a fuck piece I married. She can be so dirty it surprises me. We both read *Escort* in bed together and get lots of ideas from your letters which satisfy me endlessly.

I hope the photos of her give her the wets as it is sheer bliss when she gets going. She fucks me silly. D., Essex.



Xperience

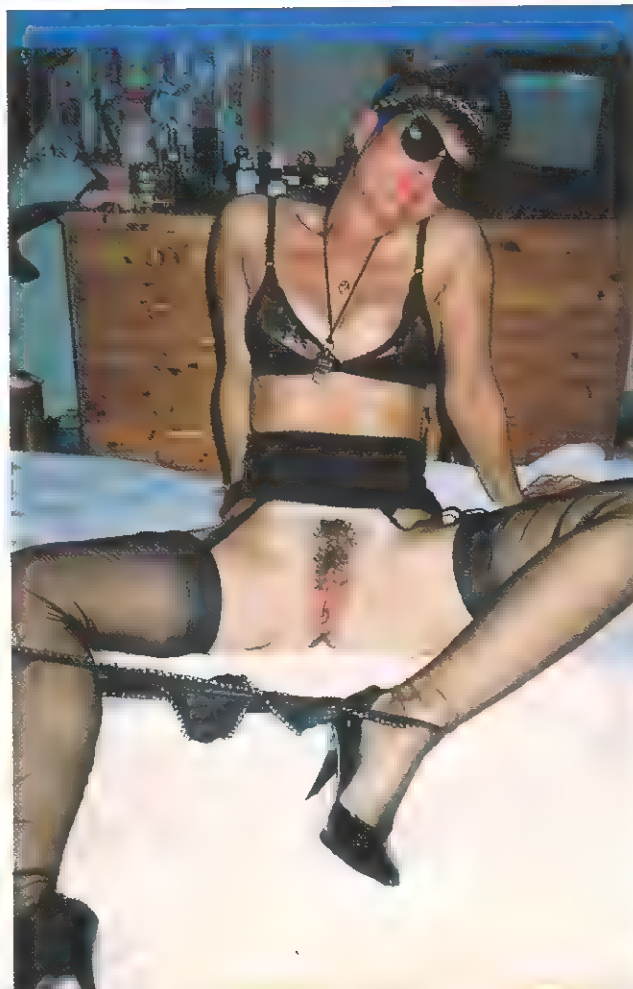
I thought your readers might like to hear about an experience my wife Janice and I had while on holiday in Greece – but the story began back at home.

Janice and I were married five years ago when she was just 17, I was 25, and she was a virgin. Although having had boyfriends she had never even let them touch her breasts. She is now 22 and she really enjoys a good fucking now and loves to suck my cock.

Over the past few months she has been going out with her friends a lot more often and this got me thinking, was she starting to miss her lost youth? So I decided to confront her about this.

I explained that if she was getting interested in other men or wondering what it would be like to screw another man, she must never do anything behind my back but come to me and talk about it.

Well, we flew out to Greece a month later and between then the subject





NATHALIE

Nathalie, 35 25 37, Colchester: Nathalie (who describes herself as "a bit lively") started her life as a professional nude when she sent some snaps to *Show Us Yours*. "Since then I've gone quite barmy...something in me's been let loose." Ooer!





Shoot a set of your favourite model, stripping for the camera, or posing in the ways that please you both. We need at least 10 different, good-quality prints to choose from, and if we print your set, we pay you £150!



"We've tried to do a proper set of Marian lots of times," writes husband David from Gwynedd, "but I get so turned on and can never finish it! This time, Marian came up with the idea of being on the other side of a deep stream of cold water so at least if I set out towards her I'd be cooled down by the time I'd waded halfway across. As it happened, she got horny and we met in the middle!"

Marian is 36, and 37-26-36.



with the camcorder to record my big moment through the open door on that side. While I played with her tits because she'd put her legs together when she leaned across and I couldn't get to her pussy, Sarah undid my zip and got the shock of her life as my cock sprang out at her – once I've got a hard-on, it's bloody difficult to get it out of my underpants, so I hadn't worn any. "Oh my God," she squeaked, wrapping her hand around it to see if it was really as thick as it looked. Slightly to her husband's surprise, she suddenly took control and started dictating how she wanted things to go. She climbed out of the car and took her skirt and blouse right off while I obeyed orders and moved across to the fully reclined passenger seat, then she yanked my trousers down and sat astride my stomach with her back to me.

John was complaining about her stripping down to her stockings and shoes a bit too fast, but she wasn't going to do it again for his benefit. As she wriggled downwards, it registered that she wasn't waiting for any instructions, and he leapt back on the bonnet to film it through the sunroof. I felt her hand around my shaft again, then my dome touched the fingernails of the other one as she held herself open and pushed. She was hot and slippery, and she took enough to make sure it couldn't escape before she leaned back so that she was lying on top of me. I felt fingernails on both sides as she stretched her pussy lips and increased the pressure, and I put my hands under her cheeks and gave her a bit of assistance. She must have taken about half my length before she had second thoughts about the arrangement and sat up. She threw her arm up and grabbed the edge of the sunroof, and the pressure was off. A wiggle of that lovely arse and an adjustment to her pussy with the other hand, and she carefully lowered herself again. I was up her to the hilt, and she sat there trembling with her hands on her stomach while she got her breath.

'For a while, neither of us felt like moving. I could hardly believe I had my entire length embedded in such a gorgeous woman, and I reached around to check that she was real. I stroked her stockings and followed them up to bare flesh, then I gave her thighs a general massage and traced her suspenders up to their belt. I got to her tits and hefted them in my hands, and they seemed like a good thing to hold onto while I fucked her. There was only one problem, and if you've ever done it in that position you'll know what it was. She moaned when I heaved at her, but it wasn't what you'd call a spectacular response – the reason being that she was already hard against my balls and I was taking her entire weight, so she just went up and down with me. I felt a fingernail prod my balls as her arm began to move, and I realised that Sarah's reservations about wanking in public had gone by the board and she

was rubbing her clit.

'That was all very well, but what about me? John came to the rescue without meaning to by suggesting I could recline the seat again now. He was only trying to get a better shot of his wife frigging herself with her pussy tightly wrapped around a thick cock, but when she was lying on top of me rather than sitting I found I could slide her up and down a bit. She started pushing with her feet, and we managed to set up a gentle rhythm. Whether it was enough to bring me off or not was another matter, but Sarah was past caring. Her cheeks clenched and softened against me as her arm moved faster and faster, and I could feel my balls getting sticky – her pussy was flooding as well as expanding, although it still felt pretty snug. Suddenly she was squealing that she was coming, and it tightened around me in spasms. I held her down until she'd finished shuddering, and she lay there twitching for a few moments. Then she climbed off, and my cock slithered out of her

He kept frigging her until she was pleading with him to bring her off, then he stopped and yanked her skirt down

and slapped against my stomach.

John seemed to think it was all over, but Sarah had other ideas, and I sat up to find myself looking through the windscreen directly into her flushed face. As her husband jumped off the bonnet, she'd replaced him, and she was sprawled across it with her bum in the air waiting for a second helping. I dragged my trousers up so I wouldn't go arse over bollocks, then I climbed out and charged round behind her.

She was such a beautiful sight bent over like that with her legs apart and her pussy dribbling that he was already filming her when I got there, and he pointed the camera directly at the point of contact as I eased my knob between her lips. She felt tighter despite all the ooze, and I had to use a bit of force – not that Sarah minded, I hasten to add. In fact, I still had another inch to go when she shoved herself out at me and I slapped against her bum. "Fuck me," she gasped. "As hard as you can. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

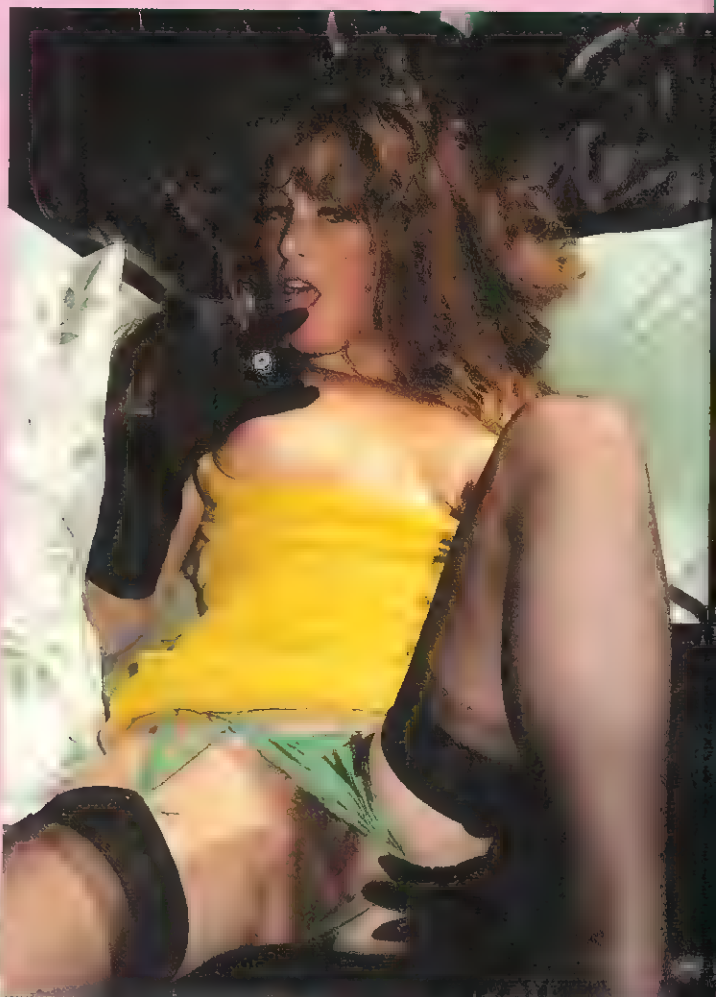
'I think John was more shocked by that than anything else, presumably because Sarah was a nice girl who never swore. If he was shocked by that, he'd probably never recover from the things she said as I got into my stride. In a total frenzy as she started coming again, she screamed at me to fill her cunt with spunk, and John went pale and looked over his shoulder in case she'd attracted attention. I couldn't quite oblige her at that very moment, and I had to hold her up when she finished because her knees buckled and she went all floppy. He wanted me to pull out so he could film me shooting my lot over her, but there was no chance. I shoved it up her as far as it would go and did exactly what she'd asked me to do, even if it was a bit late.

'She really did collapse when I pulled out, and I was in no condition to pick her up because I was a bit weak at the knees too. John put his camcorder down and helped her into the car, then he helped her get dressed and I took them home. It didn't surprise me that I wasn't asked to pick them up from the restaurant again, although I like to think it wasn't Sarah who put the block on it. I got my own video back, but John obviously didn't want to risk giving me a copy of the new one. Still, there's no chance of me forgetting any of it!●



ginger

Ginger, 36-24-37, 19. Nashville. "I'm doing it because they'll never believe it. I want to and to wind up the mysterious part, and for the money which is nice."





ginger

join the cue

"Please let me do it!" begged Joni. "Please."

"You've never even done a kissagram, let alone a strippergram," I reminded her. "Suppose you walked into that snooker club and changed your mind? The job's already been paid for!"

"I won't change my mind," she insisted. "I've got all the qualifications, haven't I?"

At this point I should mention that I was cornered in my broom cupboard of an office over the video shop by a statuesque female whose only visible qualification for the job was the lower part of her legs. The four-inch heels gave her calves a slightly muscular appearance, but there was obviously a very fine pair of pins hiding under that trench-style raincoat. It was held in tightly at the waist by a belt, and the way it swelled out everywhere else suggested that the rest of her qualifications were as good as her legs. She was slightly taller than me in those shoes, and when I say she had me cornered, I mean exactly that. I'd tried to get past her, and she'd cut off my escape. My back was to the wall, and she was leaning on it with her outstretched arm blocking my way.

"The job's already booked out to one of the regular girls," I said desperately.

"Tell her it's been cancelled."

"I can't."

"You can. It only takes one phone call."

"Give me one good reason why I should make it." She lowered her arm, and I assumed she'd given up. I'm not sure whether it was her smile that influenced me or the way she was unbuttoning her raincoat, but I decided to hear her out. She untied the belt, then she hesitated for a moment and took a step backwards. The raincoat opened in a classic flash and closed again just as quickly.

"Have you...have you been...walking around in the street like that?" I enquired in a high-pitched stammer.

"Why shouldn't I? Your kissagram girls do it all the time, don't they?"

"Not exactly. They normally travel to the job by car."

"I prefer walking. Anyway, you asked me for one good reason why you should make that phone call. Have I given you a good enough reason?"

"Not yet. It isn't the first time I've seen a woman in a slinky teddy and a pair of stockings."

"Ah, but have you fucked one against a wall recently?"

As she said this, she slipped the raincoat off and threw it onto a chair. Then she backed against the far wall —

which was about eight feet away and leaned on it with her feet together and a knowing smirk on her face. I couldn't think of a better reason to make a phone call, and I picked up the receiver. Her feet moved very slightly apart, and a long, narrow triangle of flowery wallpaper appeared between her legs, its uppermost point at the tops of her stockings.

She shifted her feet a little more as I dialled, and her thighs clung to each other softly for a moment before revealing a sliver of wallpaper between them. The sliver widened as I waited for someone to answer, and her crotch became the uppermost point of a much larger triangle. The vee of her teddy seemed to be slightly blurred at the edges as it disappeared underneath her, and I blinked and re-focused my eyes. Maybe I needed glasses? No, I didn't need glasses. It was tiny wisps

She stroked the mass of tightly-packed curls with the tips of her fingers, almost as if she was adjusting her pussy

of hair curling round her gusset.

"What's the matter?" she asked me huskily.

"Wrong number," I squeaked, frantically dialling again.

"Oh dear," she said, sliding a hand down her body. A little fumble and a tug, and she held the unfastened flap delicately between a thumb and finger and raised it. Then she put her other hand down and stroked outwards from the centre of the mass of dark, tightly-packed curls with the tips of her fingers, almost as if she was adjusting her pussy. Whether that was the object of the exercise or not, the result was that a fold of soft, pink flesh peeped out and glistened damply in the harsh light of the fluorescent.

"The snooker club job's cancelled," I babbled at Sharon when she finally answered the phone. "The other one's still on and you'll get paid for both of them. 'Bye for now.'"

"My, you're in a hurry, aren't you?" said Sharon's replacement as I slammed the receiver onto its cradle and whipped down my zip. I advanced on her with my cock at attention, and she grabbed it as soon as I was within reach, deftly avoiding my attempt at a quick fingering by slapping my shaft against her hairy bulge.

"Ooh," I whimpered as she stirred her coarse curls with its tip. Still gripping it firmly, she eased herself open with the other hand, and I suddenly

found my swollen dome surrounded by a set of hot and decidedly moist pussy lips. I probably said 'Ooh' again, but I couldn't swear to it.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" she demanded, moving her hands away. I wasn't waiting for anything. I was merely savouring one of the simple pleasures of life, but my cock conspired with her pussy to cut the magic moment short. Meeting little resistance and without any conscience effort on my part, it began to slide further up her of its own accord.

"I've never needed much foreplay," she said, by way of an explanation for the ease with which she was accommodating my length. She was being modest. Since we hadn't indulged in preliminaries of any description, it was abundantly clear that she didn't need them at all — unless wandering around the street with nothing under her raincoat but a teddy and stockings was her version of foreplay. The last inch slipped in as easily as the first, and we relaxed for a moment, panting into each other's faces.

"I hope you've got plenty of energy," she murmured.

I wasn't sure what she meant until I started humping at her. With every thrust, she got more oozy, almost as if she had a built-in oil can that gave my knob a little squirt every time it went past. Eventually I was pounding at her with all my might, and there was hardly any friction at all. I had a little feel around while I leaned on her and got my breath back, and found my balls and her inner thighs smeared with goo.

"Yes, I'm a slippery customer," she sniggered in my ear. "I think it's time for phase two."

"Phase two?" I queried.

"This is phase two," she said, closing her legs. "Better?" I can safely say I'd never felt anything quite like it, and I would have said it then if I could. I think I tried, but I couldn't get the words out. All I could manage was a nod of my head.

"And this?" she enquired, squeezing hard. Strangely enough, she seemed to know exactly what 'Uuurgh' meant. Normal humping was resumed, slightly modified and consisting of shorter and sharper movements to lessen the risk of slipping out. My balls squelched against her thighs with every thrust, and the cheeks of her backside clenched in my hands with the effort she was making to keep my cock in place. It no sooner slithered free than her hand was there to stuff it back in, her muscles relaxing for a few seconds and tensing again the moment it was home.

"If you can keep going just a little

longer you'll make me come," she gasped, as if it didn't happen very often. Rising to the challenge, I gamely shafted away and thought about last night's party political broadcast to take my mind off it.

"Yes, yes," she wailed. "Any second, any second! Harder, harder! Don't stop!"

Her fingernails dug viciously into my arse, and my balls narrowly escaped the nutcracker action of her thighs. My jerking cock couldn't escape the clamping of her pussy, and it didn't want to. It pumped itself dry, and I politely waited for her to finish shuddering. She coaxed another twitch out of it with a final deliberate squeeze, then she loosened her grip and let me go. As I made a slurping withdrawal I realized with a shock that my legs seemed to have turned to jelly, and I staggered towards the chair and slumped into it, totally cream-cracked.

"You know," she sighed, crouching to snatch a handful of tissues from her handbag. "All things considered, that wasn't a bad fuck."

"Gee, thanks," I mumbled. "Feel free to drop in any time you're passing, won't you?"

My balls squelched against her thighs with every thrust, and the cheeks of her backside clenched in her hands

"I might just do that."

I watched her wiping the inside of her thighs and mopping her pussy, and four screwed-up tissues bounced into the plastic bucket that passed for my waste bin before it registered that I could use one or two myself. She graciously handed me a couple, and I did the necessary before yanking my trousers up. Something else registered as she put her raincoat on, and I thought I'd better mention it. She'd forgotten to fasten the crotch of her teddy.

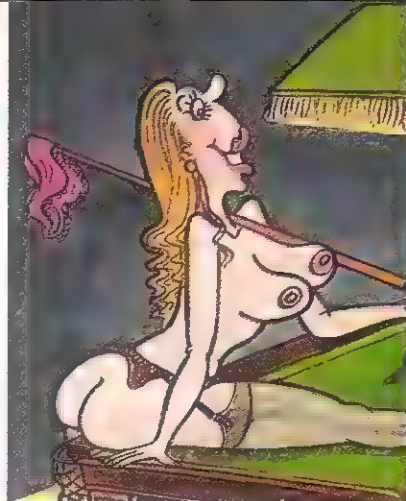
"I didn't forget," she informed me as she tied her belt. "A bit of air will help to cool me down. I assume you'll be at the snooker hall tonight to see whether I turn up?"

I didn't have much choice. If she bottled out, I'd better be around to hand the cash back and buy a few drinks, or there'd be a dissatisfied customer banging on my door in the morning.

"Yes, I'll be there. I'll park the get-away car in the alley at the back."

"Thanks," she chuckled. "Maybe it'll teach the inconsiderate sod not to play snooker on his birthday instead of taking me out!"

In case you were wondering, I'd never seen Joni before in my life. But I hoped to be seeing her again, and a few hours later I was casually strolling around the snooker hall, casting my expert eye over the proceedings and checking my watch. Right on time, the door opened and Joni strode confident-



ly in and removed her raincoat. A cheer went up from the group around the far table, and the birthday boy was quickly identified by the pointing fingers and his own gaping mouth. I sneaked around to the fire escape door and opened it while nobody was looking, and for a moment I thought Joni was going to make straight for it instead of doing what she was there to do. But the job was already half done — aware of the fact that a teddy isn't the most suitable underwear for a strip, she'd worn a conventional outfit under her raincoat. Conventional for the trade, that is. Black stockings and suspenders, a matching bra that barely contained her jiggling tits, and a pair of panties that were already disappearing between her cheeks.

"Get 'em off!" requested a cultured male voice somewhat prematurely as she switched on the little cassette player that provided suitable musical accompaniment. A deep breath that forced the outer circles of her nipples out of their lacy cups, and Joni went into her routine. Once she was over the initial hurdle, she really threw herself into it. Off came her bra, and she hooked it around the birthday boy's neck and dragged him into the circle of onlookers to dance with her. The poor sod was totally gob-smacked and refused to take an active part in the entertainment even when she slipped her knickers down to the underside of her cheeks and wiggled her bum at him. Taking no chances on what might happen if she offered someone else the opportunity of taking them off for her, she did it herself. Okay, Joni, I thought. That'll do. A few more wiggles, and make your exit. The door's open, and the car's waiting in the alley...

"Fuckinell," someone hooted. "Don't let old misery-guts see what she's doing!"

Old misery-guts was the proprietor of the establishment, and he would not have been amused to see a woman writhing around on one of his snooker tables in her stockings and suspenders, although it was probably the stiletto heels he would have objected to the most. Fortunately he was temporarily occupied elsewhere, or we might have been in some serious shit — Joni had pinched birthday boy's cue, and she was doing something with its

thick end that it wasn't designed for. There was a squishy, sucking sound, and she handed it back to him. While he stood there staring at it, she rolled off the table and gathered up her belongings, and she was making for the exit before anybody realized the show was over. I helped her on with her raincoat, and we did a rapid bunk down the fire escape.

"Wow," she hooted breathlessly when we reached the alley. "I got a bit carried away, didn't I?"

"If old misery-guts had seen it, you'd probably have been carried away in a car with a flashing blue light on the roof," I informed her. "Come on, I'll give you a lift home."

"What's the rush? Nobody's followed us, and this is a very interesting alley. Nice and dark and deserted. Enow what I mean?"

"You're kidding!"

"No I'm not," she panted, dragging me into the shadows under the fire escape. "That really turned me on."

"I noticed. But I'm not sure I can manage another..." On second thoughts, maybe I could. She was leaning against the wall with her raincoat open, and the hard-on she'd

She was leaning against the wall with her raincoat open, and the hard-on she'd already given me got even harder

already given me got even harder. I joined her inside her raincoat and man-handled her tits while she undid my zip.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, flinching as she accidentally caught my cock in a suspender and twanged them both. "What about your husband?"

"Don't worry about my husband. Just ram it up me and...Oh yes, that's the way to do it!"

"But he's upstairs," I said innocently, gripping her cheeks in both hands as I began to thrust.

"No, he isn't. There can only be one reason why he told me he was playing snooker tonight when he wasn't — he's out with his girlfriend. The guy up there was a complete stranger!"

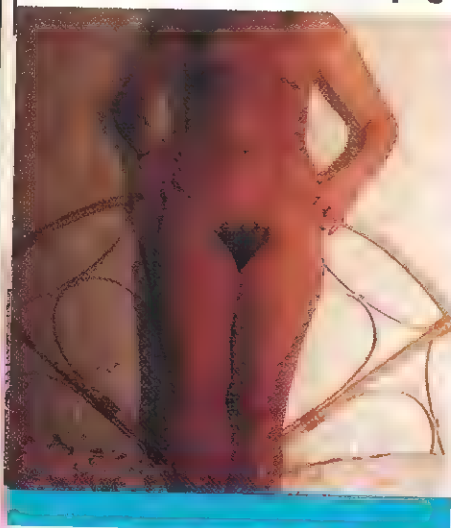
Confirmation that her husband had a girlfriend made me feel a lot better, and I felt better still when Joni went into phase two.

"Is 'Uuurrh' all you've got to say?" she gritted, crushing me with her thighs. I refused to answer on the grounds that actions speak louder than words and this was no time to tell her the truth — I knew very well her husband wouldn't be at the snooker club, because he was playing in a match at the George and Dragon, and he was Sharon's second job.

I'd been pretty sure from the start that the woman who'd booked the strip-pergram was his girlfriend, and she'd obviously be there to see it. I could hardly let his wife do it, could I? ●

readers' letters

continued from page 12



was never brought up again. On the third day of our holiday we were lying on the beach, Janice was topless but lying face down. There were two lads about Janice's age kicking a ball about. I could hear them and they were English, so I asked if I could join in. They introduced themselves as Philip and Simon. I suggested a beer or two at the beach bar. Simon agreed but Philip declined. So I introduced them to Janice. I could see that they were staring at her small but firm tits. I told Janice me and Simon were going for a drink and she asked me to rub some more oil on her before I left, but I replied that I was sure Philip would, and off I went to the bar.

The bar was only a little way from where Janice was lying so I watched eagerly out of the corner of my eye as Philip began to rub oil over my wife's back and legs and **then to my surprise Janice turned over and Philip began to rub oil all over my wife's tits.** I had never been so excited. Simon and I finished our drinks and we all arranged to meet that night.

When Janice and I got back to our room, I asked her if she had enjoyed having her tits felt by another man, and she confessed that her fanny was running with juices.

This was enough! I pulled her down and started to fuck her. As I did she called out, come on Philip – fuck me, which made me come like never before. Afterwards we got dressed and went down to meet the two lads.

We had quite a bit to drink that night and invited the lads back for a night-cap. I began to tell them how Janice had never had another lover, but that I thought she would like to, and I told her that I was sure Simon and Philip would like to help. **As I spoke, Janice opened her legs and we could see her pubic hair bushing out the side of her knickers.** My reaction to this was to tell her to show the lads a bit more.

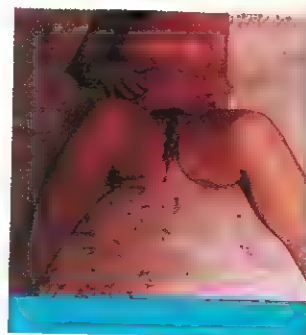


My wife responded by lifting up her T-shirt to show her tits. By this time I knew Philip and Simon knew their luck was in. I encouraged them to feel my wife's tits. They then moved over to Janice and each took a tit in each hand and began kissing her. Simon then slid his hand up her skirt and began to finger her fanny. To my surprise she asked them to strip naked and as

they did she took off her clothes. She then took hold of their throbbing cocks and began wanking them. To my amazement Philip spunked straight away. Janice wasted no time in sucking his cock dry and as she did Simon slid his big cock into her from behind and fucked her hard. As the night progressed, the two young lads fucked and sucked at her fanny in turn. I was sure they had had enough so I asked if they would leave, and they did, kissing her tits as they got up.

I then asked Janice if she would like me to make three. She smiled and said only if she could pretend I was Simon as he had such a big cock. I agreed and we fucked until morning.

I suggested sending our photos and story to the mag, so that your readers may wank over her body too. Janice will be at the newsagents every month, to see if her pics are in, so she can masturbate

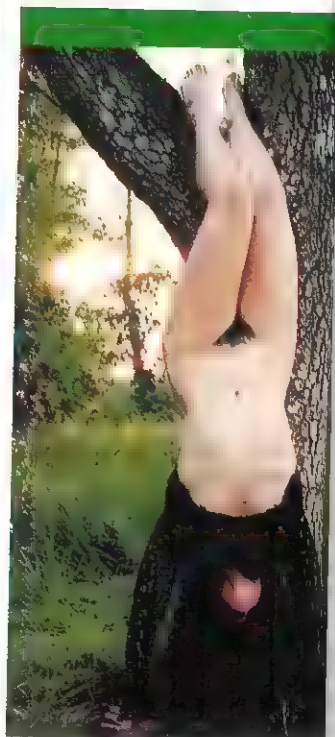


thinking of your readers wanking over her. P., Tyne & Wear

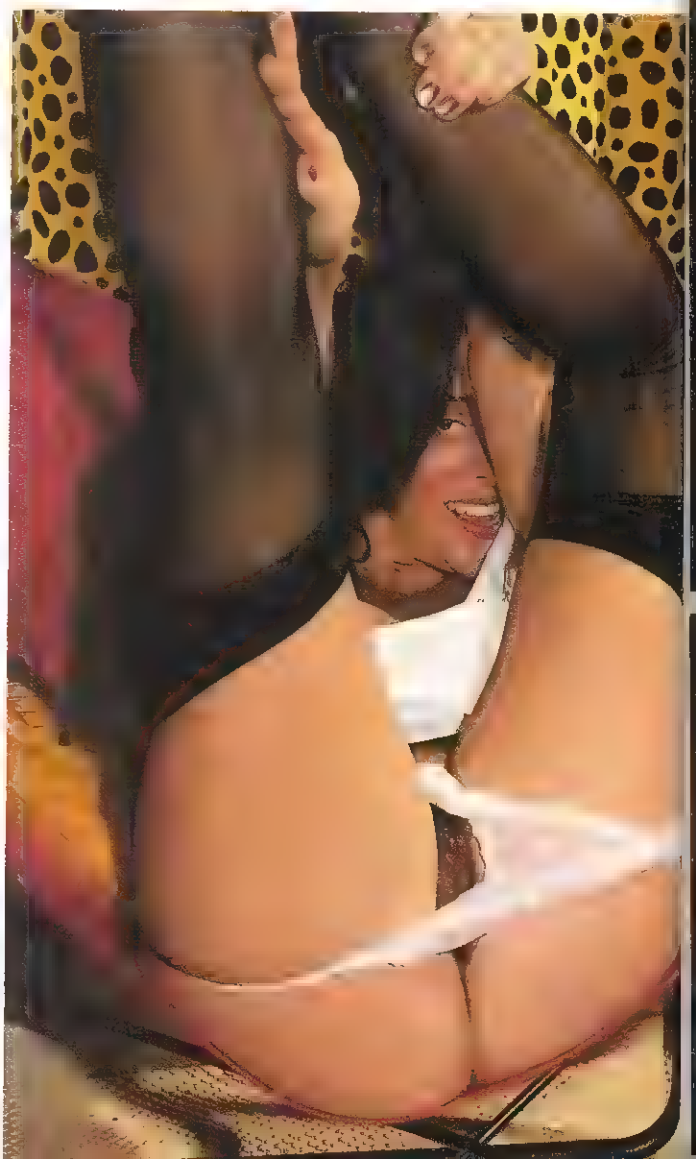
Lady of Spain

I'm sending some photographs of Juana, age 23, who is my girlfriend. Her measurements you will have to imagine because I do not know about inches. She does not have very large tits, but she has a lovely bottom, as you can see from the photographs. Since I am a bottom man (keep printing those wonderful ass-shots on the *Escort* mag, it's the best around) we make a great couple and we'll be married soon.

I really hope you like the pictures and find room to print them in your magazine, as it will be a









Tako, 33-25-36. 22, Osaka and Cleveland. Tako's employers sent her over here to help set up their English operation for she is a computer whizz. "I would never do these kind of photographs at home, but being abroad makes you feel quite free!"

TAKO



DANA

Dana, 37-26-39, West London.

Proving that not all Greeks are cobblers, Dana runs a public relations agency in London. Why is she appearing in *Escort*? "Bit of fun...why not?"



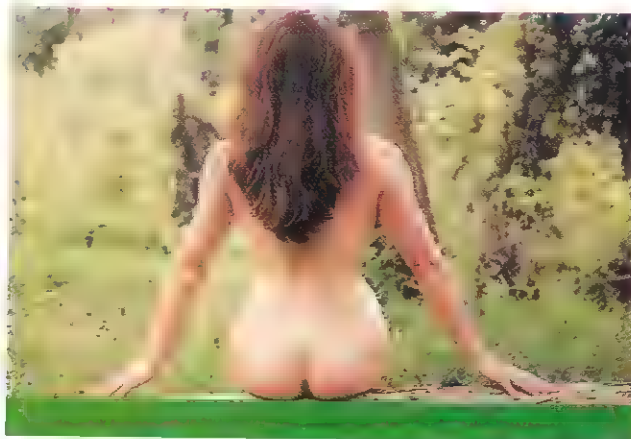
readers' letters

continued from page 32

great turn-on for both of us to see Juana naked in your mag.

Juana and I love to make it in the woods and I usually place her on all fours, since it is our favourite position. We like the *Show Us Yours* section of your mag the best as we find amateur pictures a real turn-on. We also like your out-doors photo sets and that is why we decided to send the pictures we took last week on the mountain next to our town.

Juana doesn't speak English, but she says that if you like her pictures we will send in some more in the future, with a letter telling of some of our wildest fantasies! *G., Spain*



showed her *Vol. 11 No. 2*, Julie could hardly believe it, but she seemed very thrilled. Julie said how good the photos were and wished she had the nerve to do it herself.

During her second night with us I heard her creep downstairs. After a few minutes I went down and caught Julie fingering herself over Michelle's pictures. Within seconds Julie was sucking on my throbbing cock and her hands were still working away at her cunt and tits. Just then there was an almighty flash, and their stood Michelle with the camera. **Michelle told us to carry on and with that I lay Julie onto the sofa and began licking and sucking at her tits** before using my tongue on her clit to bring her to a body-shaking orgasm. All the time Michelle was clicking

away with the camera.

Julie grabbed my shoulders and drew in her breath as I slid my cock into her tight cunt. Her eyes closed tightly as I thrust in and out, slow at first but harder as her cunt became more lubricated. Julie began begging me to fuck her harder as orgasm after orgasm ripped through her body and I quickly pulled out my cock when I felt my balls tighten. I offered her my cock which she willingly took in her mouth and she almost choked as spunk flooded into her mouth.

Afterwards we all looked at the photos and agreed that they were great, before making it a threesome in our bed.

Needless to say, we enjoyed the rest of the week together and Julie has promised to send in a few photos of herself if you print this letter. *R., Derbys.*

Michelle

These are photos of my fiancée Michelle, who is 20 and measures 36-24-36 at 5'5" tall (and I'm a lucky sod of 36).

She really enjoys reading the magazine to me while in bed and then acting out the stories whenever possible.

The best thing about Michelle is that no matter how much others look she only lets me touch.

We both really enjoy it when she ties me to the bed and shags me solid and won't stop even while I'm shooting high up inside her, it is pure bliss!

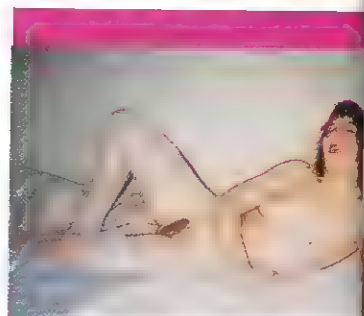
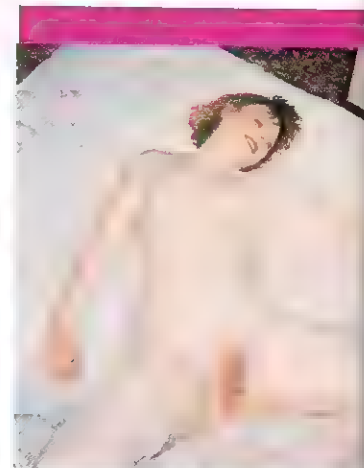
Another good time was when we put the back seat down in our car, which



Carry on

Thanks for printing our letter and the photos of my wife, Michelle in *Vol. 11 No. 2*. It was such a thrill to see her in our brilliant mag and we hope our fellow readers enjoyed seeing her. Our latest experience is directly involved with this particular issue.

Last month Julie, my wife's cousin, came to stay with us for a week. Julie is 21 and a very attractive blonde. When Michelle



being a hatchback, makes a nice sized double bed, and giving each other a damn good fuck in broad daylight in a layby.

Hope the photos are good enough! *B., Staffs.*

Last Friday

First of all let me thank you for changing my life, because that is exactly what this marvellous mag has done for me since discovering my husband's secret stash of *Escorts*.

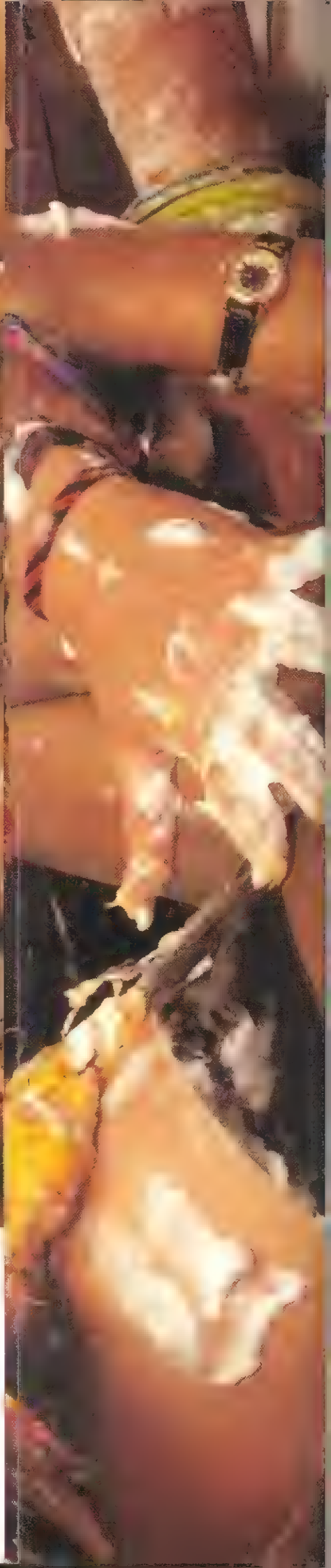
When I first started reading *Escort* I couldn't





THE MAGNIFICENT 7 BIRTHDAY BINGE

Auntie usually has her birthday parties in private as they are triple x rated occasions, but this time we persuaded the Mikes and that type of other person to turn up later, and leave the Magnificent Seven to have a bon fight on their own



TRACEY

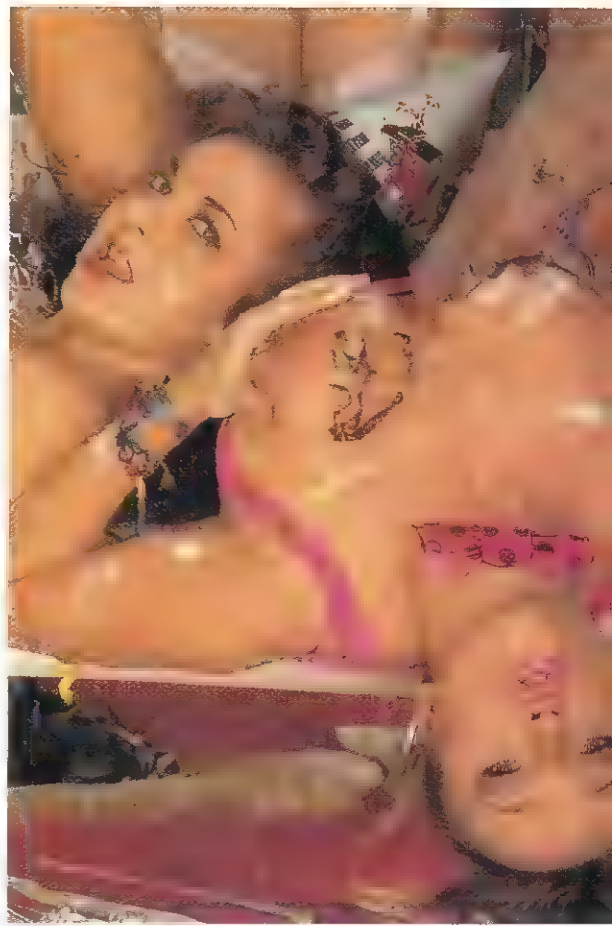






ESCORT





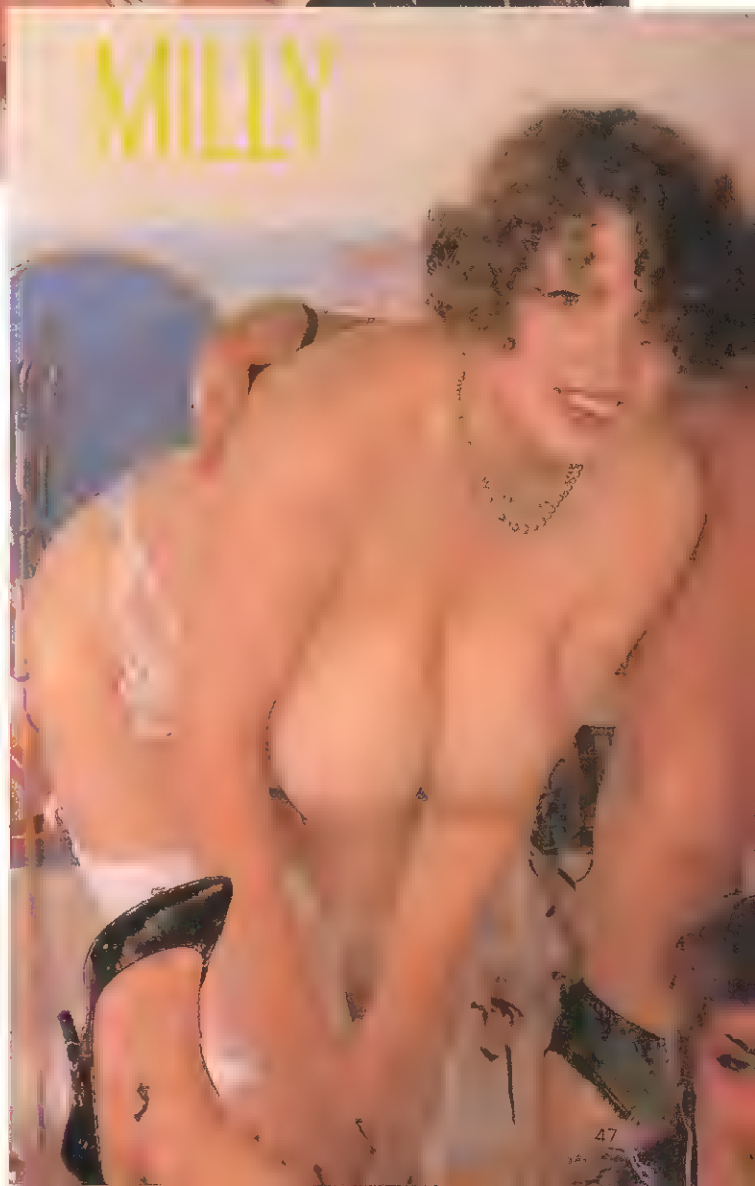
ANDREA



DONNA



MILLY

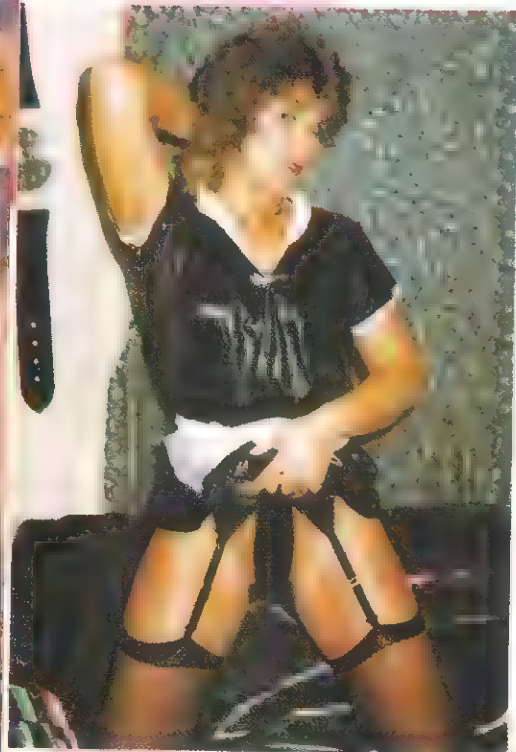


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I enclose _____ Photographs of
who is my girlfriend/wife. Age _____
measurements _____
her/our favorite fantasy/most exciting
sexual experience (delete which does not
apply) was _____

Name _____

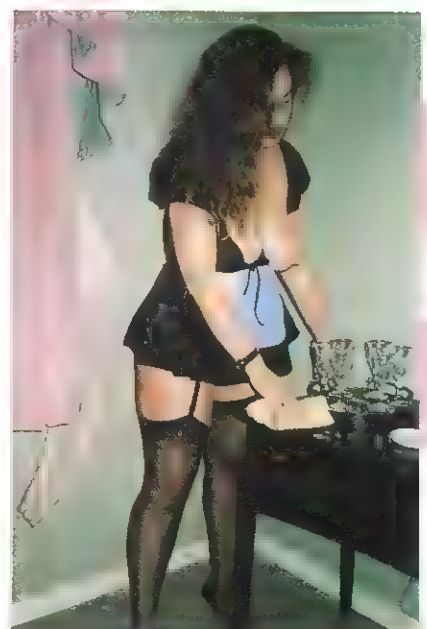
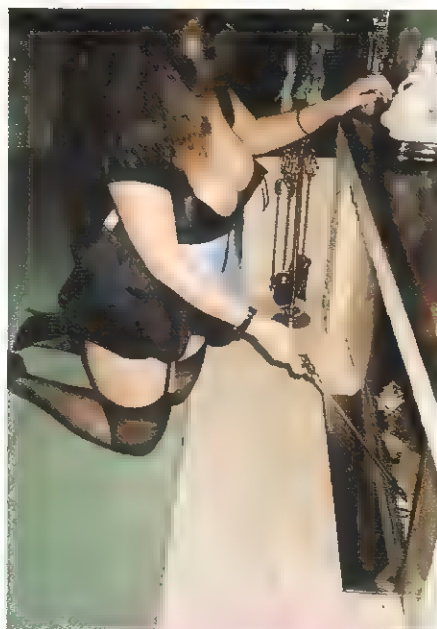
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I warrant this model was over 18 when photographed.



**"Nat plays with
her pussy while
reading the
letters and
stories in the
mag," writes
her husband.
"Her fantasies
include male
and female
friends – she
loves to tease."
Nat is 24, and
38-24-35.**





maid in heaven

'My best ever sexual experience will be when these photos are printed in the mag,' says Sharon (40-28-38, and 24) from Herts, 'as it is one of my boyfriend's main fantasies to see me in print.'

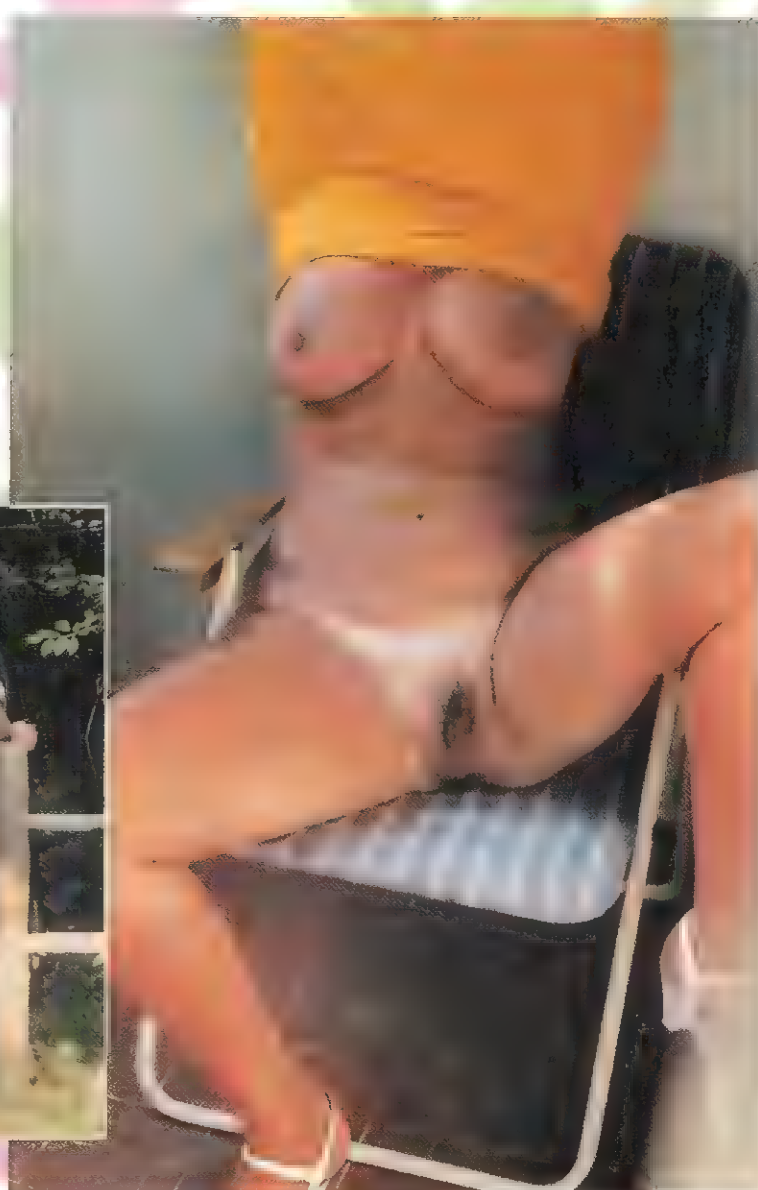
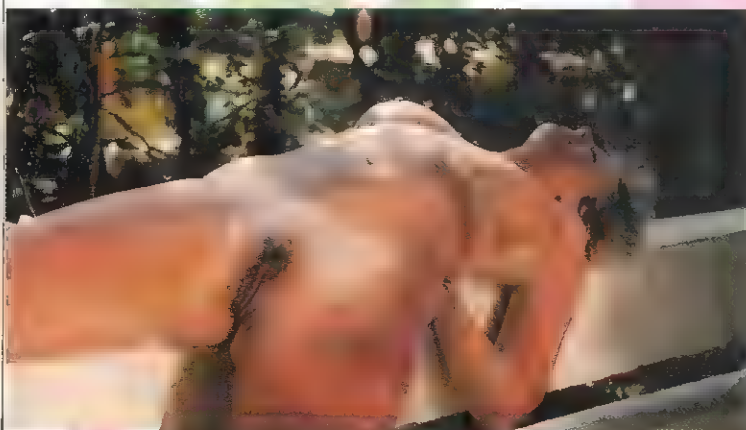


mimi

"Mimi is 27 years old, Hungarian, and works as a waitress," writes her boyfriend R. "She likes stripping for the camera, silk stockings, naked oiled bodies, and me."

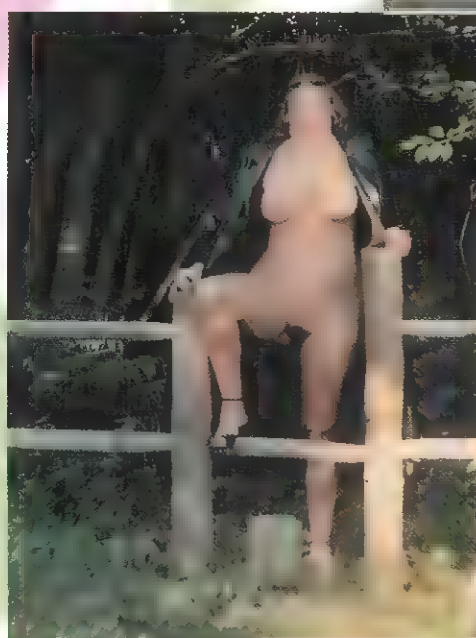
going public

"We like taking photos of each other naked in public places," writes Linda from Middlesex, "this always leads on to the sex act while being watched - it's a real turn-on." Linda is 30, and 34-26-36.



chained melody

Melody from Bucks. is 42, 39-28-39, and fantasises about "Having sex with two men while in bondage, then describing it to my husband afterwards."





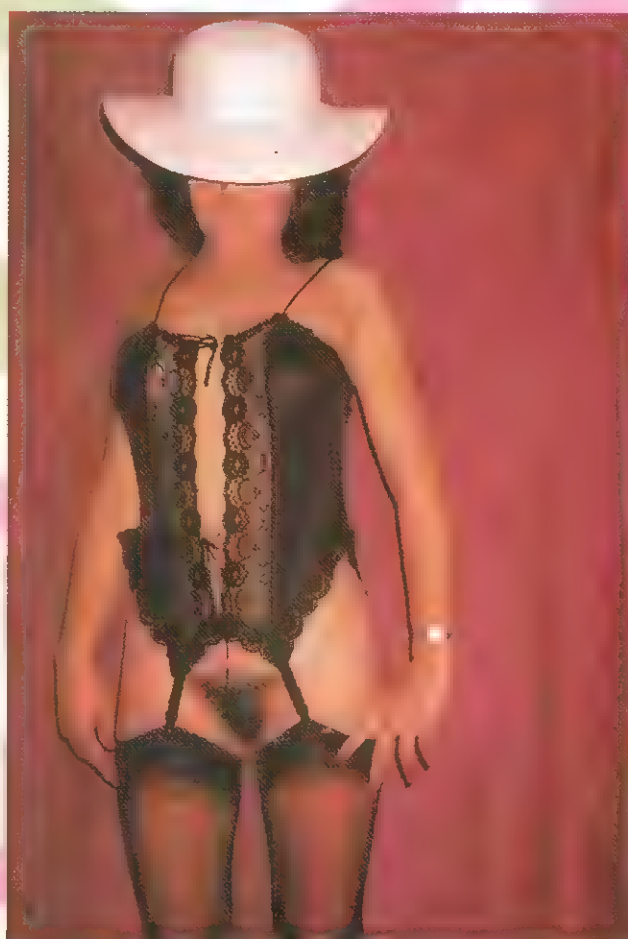
"My wife Kate's favourite fantasy was to screw a stranger while I watched," says D. from Surrey. "These shots were taken on the night it finally happened."

**before
or
after ?**



**lucy in
disguise**

Lucy and her husband like knowing "All those randy readers are looking at Lucy's snaps." Lucy is 23, and 36-26-36.





away from his tightening balls.

'Oh shit —' he hisses.

'I reckon he turned up deliberately,' the redhead says archly. 'The idea of us doing it together really turns him on.'

'Carole —' the man sighs. But, under the fascinated gaze of both women, his penis continues to stiffen and rise.

'He is a big boy,' says the brunette

'Do you want to masturbate, darling?' the redhead asks suddenly. 'I'm sure Dawn wouldn't mind — as long as you don't get any spunk in her hair.'

The brunette gives a little hiccup of laughter, then blinks at the older woman. 'Would he?'

'Oh yes —' The redhead's eyes shine as she looks up from her husband's cock — almost fully erect now — to his burning cheeks. 'He may seem terribly quiet but underneath he's a dirty boy, really. You'd love to let Dawn watch you have a wank, wouldn't you, darling?'

Sweat glistens on the man's forehead. Wide-eyed, the brunette gazes at him.

'I've never seen actually seen it just shoot out,' she breathes. 'I asked Kevin to show me, but he wouldn't.' She glances at the redhead. 'Will he just do it or does he need any help?'

'Let's just be really sexy,' the redhead purrs. 'You've never seen another woman bring me off, have you, darling?'

She grins slyly as the man's mouth drops open. His hand rises under the throbbing, navel-high shaft of his cock.

Then, easing herself back against the pillow, the redhead spreads and bends her legs, exposing the wet fissure of her sex. Facing her on all fours, the brunette tosses the dark hair from her face, then dips her head between the older woman's thighs.

'Come on, lover —' the redhead whispers. 'Lick that button — lick that clit — ooh —'

She gasps, opening her mouth and heaving her crotch against the pink tip of the brunette's tongue. There is the

softest slurping sound as it slides between the wet folds of labia, then the redhead's rising thigh hides it.

The man swallows, fingers closing round his shaft, as he stares at the brunette's gently bobbing head.

'Nice?' he asks the redhead.

She lifts her eyebrows. 'I can't tell you — Not nicer than you do it, darling, just different. But still — fantastic —'

She gasps again, breasts heaving as she jerks her thighs. At once she is panting fiercely.

'Oh my God — I didn't realise how close I was —'

She moans, snapping shut her eyes. When she opens them again, the man is slowly tugging at his foreskin.

'Don't wait for me —' she hisses. 'Just spurt when you want to — do it all over me — I don't mind —'

'Oh —' The brunette lifts her head with a mock peeved look. Her fingertip still strokes at the redhead's crotch. 'That seems an awful waste.'

The older woman blinks down at her.

'Oh how stupid of me!' she cries suddenly. 'Do you want Peter to do it with you?'

The brunette glances at the man, her cheeks flushed. 'Well —'

'Peter!' the redhead snaps. 'Don't just stand there wanking! Come and give Dawn a fuck —'

The man swaps bright-eyed glances with the brunette.

'Oh don't be shy, for heaven's sake!' says the redhead. 'I know you fancy her. You can bring her off as she brings me off — that would be lovely —'

The man grunts and kneels up on the bed, his bloated cock swinging in front of him. The brunette turns to him with an embarrassed grin.

'I hope you don't mind —'

The man gives her a quick smile. 'Don't be silly. Lift your bottom —'

The girl shuffles backwards, arching her back and pushing up the trim, globular cheeks of her rear. Kneeling behind her, the man grips her hips,

then reaches down to grasp his engorged prick.

The redhead lifts her head to watch. 'Now be gentle with my friend. She's smaller than me and you know how huge you are —'

The man eases forward and the brunette gasps suddenly.

'Alright?' he asks.

The brunette drops her head, hair masking her face. 'I'm alright — come all the way in —'

The man eases forward again, sucking in breath as he watches his broad shaft slide between the girl's stretched labia. She grunts as his balls finally squash against her cheeks.

'Bloody hell —' she whispers.

'Would you like him to just do you?' the redhead asks quickly. 'It doesn't matter about me.'

The brunette shakes her head. 'No — let's do it together —'

Taking a breath, she bends forward. The redhead lies back, then gasps as the brunette's tongue slides against her. She groans softly, closing her eyes. The man draws his cock back in the brunette's pussy, then slides forward again, pushing the younger woman's face harder into his wife's crotch.

'Oh yes —' the redhead hisses. 'Oh push — push — fuck her, darling — fuck her —'

Abruptly she stiffens, arching her back, gasping. 'Oh shit — oh Christ —'

Impaled on the man's cock, the brunette moans. The redhead's whole body jerks — once, twice, three times — as she explodes in a flurry of panting breath.

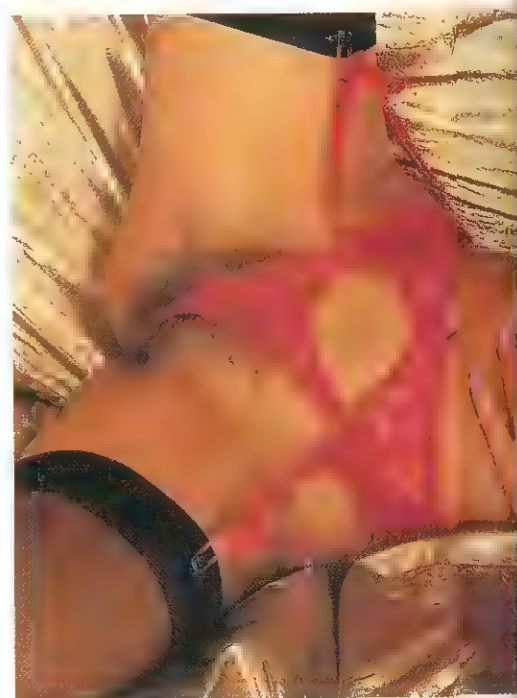
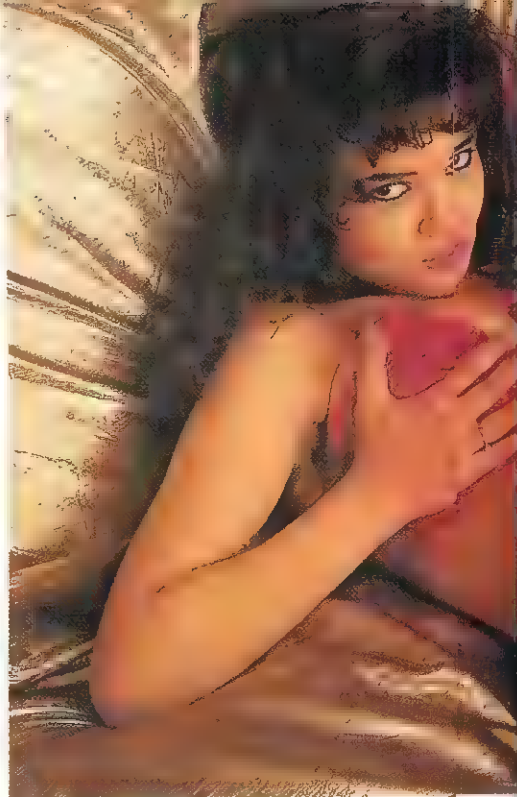
'Oh my God — oh my God —'

Then with a sigh she slumps against the pillow — just as the brunette's bejuiced face lifts from her crotch with a rush of breath.

'Are you ready?' the man grunts.

'Just keep pushing, Peter —' the brunette whispers. Her hand reaches back to touch his thigh. 'Don't stop —'

Instantly the man accelerates. His





TASHA

Tasha, 36-24-36, 20, Liverpool. "When I was a kid, I always fancied growing up to be a sex goddess...then I went to art school where I spend most of the time in Levi's and an old T-shirt."



MEGAN

Megan, 40-28-37, South Wales. Megan forbade us to say where she lives, "It's only a small place and I know I'd never hear the end of it. Welsh people are as passionate as anyone else underneath, but they don't seem to like it known."



MEGAN



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